

1865

Six Military and Patriotic Illustrated Songs. Elaborately Colored. In a novel form. Series No. 1.

Charles Magnus

John F. Poole


W.J. Florence

George P. Holt

Daniel Decatur Emmett

See next page for additional authors

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Authors

Charles Magnus, John F. Poole, W. J. Florence, George P. Holt, Daniel Decatur Emmett, Tony Pastor, and Dan Bryant



SIX

Military and Patriotic

ILLUSTRATED

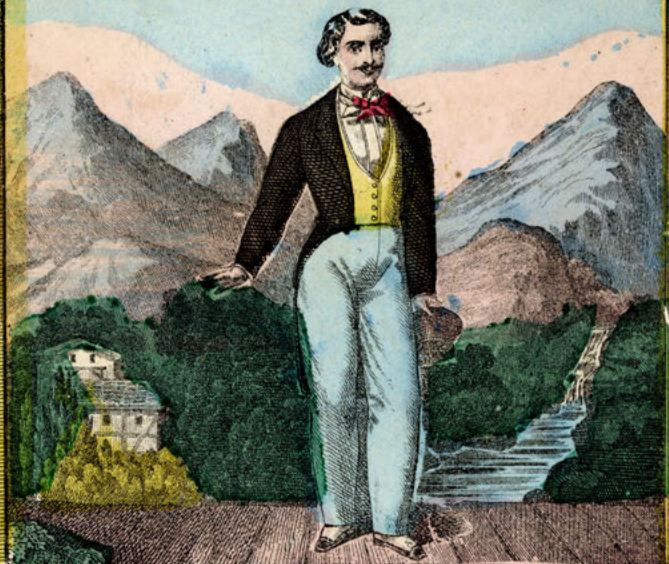
SONGS.

ELABORATELY COLORED.

In a novel form.

Series No. 1.

CHARLES MAGNUS, 12 Frankfort St., New York.
Branch Office : 520 7th St., Washington, D. C.



OUR GRANDFATHERS' DAYS.

Written by JOHN F. POOLE — Originally sung by TONY PASTOR.

A song for to please all my kind friends before me,
I've been thinking of late a new subject to raise,
And one I have got, and I know it will please you,
I am going to sing of our grandfathers' days,
In our grandfathers' days men were judg'd but by merit
And those who were sound got their measure of praise,
But now-a-days folks judge of men by their money —
That wasn't the case in our grandfathers' days.

In our grandfathers' days they had no patent leathers,
Garote choking collars, or no peg-top pants;
Young men didn't go it with two-forty horses,
Or visit young ladies at night at their aunt's,
The boys didn't then congregate on the corners
To see the gals crossing on wet slushy days,
Nor the gals didn't want a policeman to help them —
That wasn't the style in our grandfathers' days.

In our grandfathers' days billiard markers ne'er sported
Moustache on their lips or goatees on their chins,
Nor did sixpenny barbers drive out in light wagons
Nor did fish ball waiters wear diamond pins.
The gals didn't paint, stuff themselves up with cotton,
They didn't wear hoops, patent bustles or stays,
Didn't smoke cigarettes, or drink cocktails at Taylor's
That wasn't the style in our grandfathers' days.

In our grandfathers' days married men they were steady
You'd not find them out every day of their lives,
Nor see them out late walking home with their cousins,
They always retired in good time to their wives,
They had no champagne suppers, no little flirtations,
No trying to go it in various ways,
Didn't stop in saloons with a female acquaintance —
They had no waiter girls in our grandfathers' days.

In our grandfathers' days when a man ran for office,
He did it alone for the national good;
And not for the dollars and cents he might pocket —
That is something that now-a-days ain't understood.
The government then was for wisdom selected
Rebellion had not set the country a-blaze,
But the people have sworn that our flag shall float over
The Union as 't was in our grandfathers' days,



THE CAPTAIN

With His Whiskers.

As sung by Mrs. W. J. FLORENCE.

Oh, I crept to the window to hear the band play,
As the troops with their music were marching down this way
I peeped through the window so cautiously at them,
Lest the neighbors should say I was looking at the men.

CHORUS.

Oh, I heard the drums play, and the music was so sweet,
As they marched on their way to the foot of the street;
Oh, the troops were the finest ever I did see,
And the Captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me.

When we met at the ball, I of course thought it right
To appear as if we never had met before that night;
But he knew me at once, I perceived by his glance,
And I hung down my head when he asked me to dance.

CHORUS.

Oh, I heard the drums play, and the music was so sweet,
As they marched on their way to the foot of the street;
Oh, the troops were the finest ever I did see,
And the Captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me.

Oh, he sat by my side at the end of the seat,
And the sweet words he spoke I shall never forget;
Oh, my heart was enlisted, and I could not get free,
For the Captain with his whiskers took a sure glance at me.

Chorus.



WANT-A SUBSTITUTE.

Tune : Uncle Sam's farm.

By GEORGE P. HOLZ.

Wanted a Substitute!
 Show me the man
 That will buckle on his ar-mor
 And fight for Un-cle Sam!
 He must have an arm of power,
 And a heart of cour-age too,
 He must love his native country;
 And the Red, the White and Blue!

Chorus.

Want-ed-a Sub-sti-tute!
 Show me the man
 That will buckle on his ar-mor
 And fight for Un-cle Sam!

Want-ed-a Sub-sti-tute!
 Three hun-dred I'll pay!
 If you know of one that wants it,
 Just send him 'long this way!
 What glory he'll in her-it
 When rebellion is put down;
 No great-er march of mer-it
 Could any mor-tal crown!

Chorus.

Want-ed-a Sub-sti-tute!
 None need ap-ply
 Unless he's sound from head to foot:
 With per-fect teeth and eye.
 Now, such a one is want-ed,
 Then who will go for me,
 To fight his coun-try's bat-tles.
 In the land of dix-i-e.

Chorus.



DIXIE'S LAND.

I wish I was in de land of cotton,
'Cimmon seed 'an sandy bottom—

Chorus.—Look away—look 'way—away—Dixie Land.

In Dixie's Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty morning.

Chorus.—Look away—look 'way—away—Dixie Land.

Chorus.—Den I wish I was in Dixie.

Hooray—Hooray!

In Dixie's Land—we'll took our stand

To lib and die in Dixie,

Away—away—away down South in Dixie (Repeat)

Old missus marry Will-de-weaber,

William was a gay deceaber;

Look away, etc.

When he put his arms around 'et,

He look as fierce as a forty pounder.

Look away, etc.

Chorus.—Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

His face was sharp like a Butcher's cleaber

But that didn't seem to greab'er;

Look away, etc.

Will ran away—missus took a decline, oh,

Her face was de color ob bacon-rhine, oh,

Look away, etc.

Chorus.—Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

While missus libbed, she libbed in cloiber,

When she died, she died all ober;

Look away, etc.

How could she act such a foolish part,

As to marry a man dat would break her heart.

Look away, etc.

Chorus.—Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

Here's a health to de next old missus,

And all de gals dat wants to kiss us,

Look away, etc.

Now if you want to dribe 'way sorrow,

Come an' hear this to-morrow.

Look away, etc.

Chorus.—Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

Sugar in de gourd, an' stony batter,

De white's grow fat, an' de nigger's fatter;

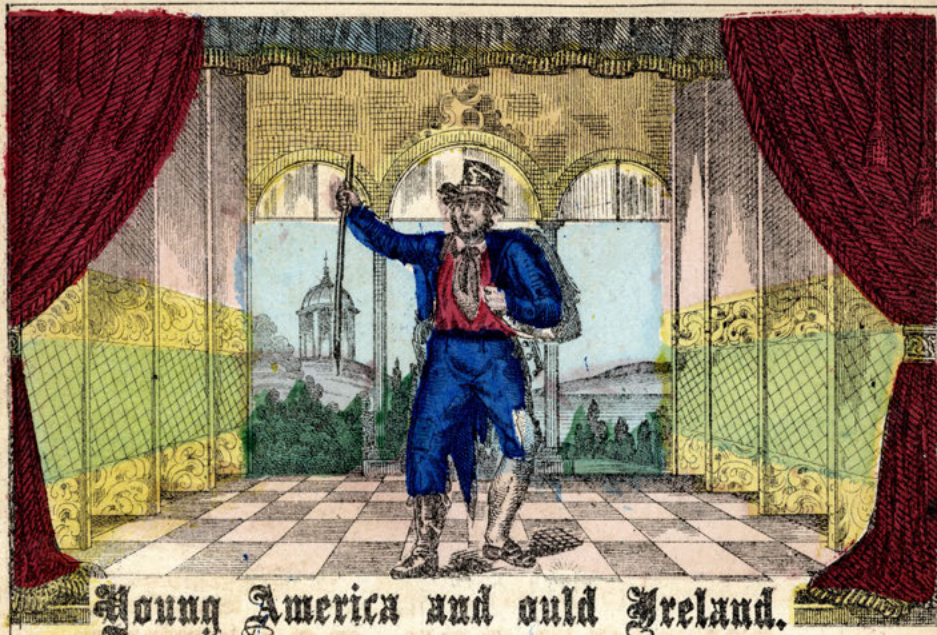
Look away, etc.

Den hoe it down and scratch your grabbia.

Te Dixie's Land I'm bound to trabblid.

Look away, etc.

Chorus.—Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.



Young America and ould Ireland.

As sung by the great Comic Vocalist, TOMY PASTOR.

AIR—"Darling ould Stick."

It's a soger I am, and I'm wearing the green ;
With the boys of the army a-fighting I've been ;
With my knapsack and gun, wheresoever I be,
Sure it's Union I fight for till Ireland is free.

Oh, then, let me be living or dying.
It's a sigh for the ould sod I'm sighing,
But the tyrant I'll still be defying,
In America's Irish Brigade!

In the seven days fight, sure I stood at my post,
And each pop of my gun made some rebel a ghost ;
And whenever the word came to charge, be me sowl,
I made in some blackguard a bayonet-hole!

Oh, bedad, it's meself they were slighting,
For the flag of the free I was fighting,
And the slaughter I made was delighting,
In America's Irish Brigade.

Whin ould Stonewall came down like a thousand of brick
It's meself and the boys drove him back double quick
For we thought of Bull-Run, and our bosoms were full
And we wished we were run-ning an ould Johnny Bull,

If the boys of ould Ireland would name it,
Our freedom we soon would regain it ;
It's meself would go in wid my bayonet.
In America's Irish Brigade!

Sure there's hope for ould Ireland, when Irishmen learn
How to handle a gun, or a bayonet turn ;
And, by this and by that, if we once get the chance,
There'll be rifles in England that don't come from France

Sure it's friends we have here, when we need'om
Who, when starving, sent bread for to feed'em,
And they'll help us to fight for our freedom—
America's Irish Brigade!



KINGDOM COMING.

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Say, darkeys, hab you seen de massa,
Wid de mufstash on his face,
Go long de road some time dis mornin',
Like he gwine to leab de place?
He seen a smoke way up de ribber,
Whar de Linkum gunboats lay;
He took his hat, an' let' berry sudden,
An' I spec' he's run away!

Chorus—De massa ran? ha, ha!
De darkey stay? ho, ho!
It mus, be now de kingdom comin'
An' de year Jubilo!

He six foot one way' two foot tudder,
An, he weigh t'ree hundred pound,
His coat so big, he couldn't pay de tailor,
An' it won't go half way round.
He drill so much, dey call him Cap'an,
An' he get so dresful tanned,
I spec' he try an' fool dem Yankees,
For to tink he's contraband.

Chorus.

De darkeys feel so berry lonesom,
Libing in de log-House on de lawn,
Dey move dar tings to massa's parlor,
For to keep it while he's gone,
Dars wine an' cider in de kitchen,
An' de darkeys dey'll hab some;
I spose dey'll all be cornfiscated,
When de Linkum sojers come.

Chorus.

De oberseer he make us trouble,
An' he drike us round a spell,
We lock him up in the smoke-House cellar,
Wid de key trown in de well.
De whip is lost, de han-cuff broken,
But de massa'll hab his pay,
He's ole enuff, big enuff, ought to know better
Dan to went, an' run away.

Chorus.

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